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LIKE, WE ARE SOOOO LOST!
REAH, ROST!
CALM DOWN, YOU TWO! THIS GUIDEBOOK MAY BE A LITTLE OUT OF DATE, BUT IT'LL GET US WHERE WE'RE GOING.
LIKE, THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF!
FYODOR'S GUIDE TO HAUNTED AMERICA
IT FIGURES! WITH, LIKE, HUNDREDS OF NICE VACATION SPOTS IN THE WORLD, WE END UP HEADING FOR A PLACE CALLED--
HOLD ON! CHECK THAT SIGNPOST
SCOOBY-DOO -IN-
WELCOME TO
MONSTERVILLE
CHRIS DUFFY-WRITER
JOE STATON-PENCILLER
ANDREW PEPOY-INKER
JOHN COSTANZA-LETTERER
LEE LOUGHRIDGE-COLORIST
MIKE BRISBOIS-ASST. EDITOR
BRONWYN TAGGART-EDITRIX
--MONSTERVILLE. WE'RE THERE! LIKE, OH, NO!
LISTEN TO THIS! "BIG RED, A MYSTERIOUS LOBSTER DEMON, BEGAN TERRORIZING THE FISHING TOWN OF MONSTERVILLE IN MAY 1955 AND CONTINUES ITS FREQUENT RAMPAGES TO THIS DAY!"
WHAT AN IMPORTANT HISTORICAL LANDMARK! IT'S THE PERFECT PLACE FOR MYSTERY-SOLVERS LIKE US TO SPEND A VACATION!
YOW! IT'S BIG RED! HELP!
AAOOOWW!
BDUMP!

SCOOBY-DOO 13. August, 1998. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to SCOOBY- DOO, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510. Annual subscription rate $23.40. Canadian subscribers must add $12.00 for postage and GST. GST # is R125921072. All foreign countries must add $12.00 for postage. U.S. funds only. Copyright © 1998 Hanna-Barbera, Inc. A Time Warner Company. All Rights Reserved. SCOOBY-DOO and all related characters and elements depicted herein are trademarks of and copyrighted by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. Printed on recyclable paper.
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LOOK OUT!
COMING THROUGH!
SSUSSH
HEY, THAT'S OUR VAN YOU'RE RIDING ON!
WELL THAT'S OUR RAMP YOU'RE PARKED IN FRONT OF!
COOL POOCH.
CLATTER
SHLOOW
RANK ROO.
MAYBE YOU KIDS CAN HELP US. WE'RE ON OUR WAY INTO MONSTERVILLE, AND--
EW WW. WHY?
WELL, WE'VE HEARD ABOUT THE LOBSTER DEMON...
HA!
TAKE IT FROM US--TURN AROUND, GET OUT NOW! OUR HOMETOWN IS THE DULLEST PLACE IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE. THEY DON'T EVEN HAVE CABLE YET!
AS FOR BIG RED... YOU HAVE NO IDEA! S'LONG, DOGGIE.
RYE-RYE!
HMM... LOOKS LIKE THOSE KIDS ARE JUST HARDENED TO LIVING WITH A MONSTER! THE TOWN LOOKS POSITIVELY TERRIFIED!
YIC!
KIDS, I'M BURT EASTMAN. IT'S MY DUTY AS TOWN MANAGER TO WARN YOU! A VERY DANGEROUS LOBSTER DEMON, COMMONLY KNOWN AS BIG RED, IS GOING TO ATTACK THIS QUAINT FISHING VILLAGE!
EVEN NOW, OUR RAGTAG BUT PLUCKY MILITIA IS PREPARING TO REPEL THE MONSTER'S DAILY RAID!
OH, IT'S HORRIBLE! WILL WE NEVER KNOW PEACE?

SO THE LOBSTER DEMON IS STILL ACTIVE?
I'LL SAY! JUST ASK OUR OLDEST CITIZEN HERE, HESTER SCARLETT.
BIG RED STRIKES AT HIGH TIDE EACH DAY-- DOWN BY THE DOCKS!
BIG RED FISH ACT
MYSTERY MACHINE
LET'S GO, GANG!
EXCELLENT.
PERFECT.
CREEPERS! THIS ENTIRE TOWN, AT PERPETUAL WAR WITH ONE MONSTER FOR ALMOST FIFTY YEARS! IMAGINE IF WE GET TO CAPTURE BIG RED AND FIGURE OUT WHO'S BEHIND IT!
LIKE, GOOD IDEA! WHY DON'T WE JUST IMAGINE IT, INSTEAD OF ACTUALLY DOING IT!
YEAH! LET'S RUN!
ALL RIGHT, MEN, STAND READY! HIGH TIDE IN TWO MINUTES!
OH, MY POOR HEART! I REALLY MUST HASTEN TO MY HOUSEBOAT FOR MY MEDICATION.
BRACE YOURSELF, KIDS! THIS THING IS HORRIBLE! AN ABOMINATION!

HMMM...
BLOOP BLOOP
IT'S COMING! IT'S COMING!
IT'S HERE!
THE LIVING NIGHTMARE IS BACK! WILL WE EVER BE RID OF THE MENACE THAT IS--
--BIG RED!
GRRR
GRRRROWWL
AAARRRRR

CAREFUL, MEN! THAT CRIMINAL CRUSTACEAN LOOKS FIERCER THAN USUAL TODAY!
YAAR GRRAAH
NO! DO NOT LET IT TOUCH ME!
HOPE THIS ISN'T TOO MUCH FOR YOU KIDS.
BACK, YOU FIEND!
RRRR.
CHANDLER
GOOD JOB, MEN! IT WAS TOUCH-AND-GO THERE FOR A WHILE, BUT YOU'RE DOING IT!
CLAP
CLAP!
ONCE AGAIN, THE HORROR THAT IS BIG RED IS FENDED OFF. BUT FOR HOW LONG? FOR HOW LONG?
THAT IS THE LAMEST, FAKEST, MONSTER I'VE EVER SEEN!
LOOK - NOW "BIG RED" IS STUCK ON THE LADDER!
GOOD GRIEF. IT CAN'T EVEN RETREAT RIGHT!

THIS'LL JUST TAKE A SECOND.
FRED, LIKE, WAIT!
LIKE, LET ME UNMASK THE MONSTER! HOW OFTEN DO WE SNAG A CREEPY CREATURE THAT'S, LIKE, TOTALLY UN-SCARY?
WELL, IF YOU WANT TO--GO AHEAD, SHAG.
OH, BOY! LIKE, LOOK AT ME, EVERYONE! I'M THE HERO!
RUH-ROH!
ROOK OUT BELOW!!
RIPES!

OH, DEARIE!
SWAT!
LIKE, IF YOU WANTED TO UNMASK THE MONSTER, SCOOB, YOU SHOULD HAVE JUST SAID SO!
EXCUSE ME, I NEED MY MASK.
YEEEESH!
NO, IT'S OVER.
YOU SAW IT, FOLKS! BIG RED HAS BEEN EXPOSED AS A FAKE! THE MONSTER IS REALLY HESTER SCARLETT.
IT'S NOT CLEAR WHAT SHE WAS HOPING TO ACCOMPLISH, BUT YOU CAN BET IT WAS TO COVER UP SOMETHING ILLEGAL!
WE'VE GOT EXPERIENCE WITH THIS KIND OF THING.
ER...
THAT IS...
UHMMM...
LET'S SEE...
HURRMM...
AHHH...
UMM...
SOMETHING IN MY EYE...
MUST HAVE BEEN SLEEPWALKING JUST NOW...
THIS SHOE IS VERY VERY INTERESTING...
MY SHORT-TERM MEMORY IS GOING...
IS THAT A STAR OR A SATELLITE?
LOST MY CONTACT LENS...

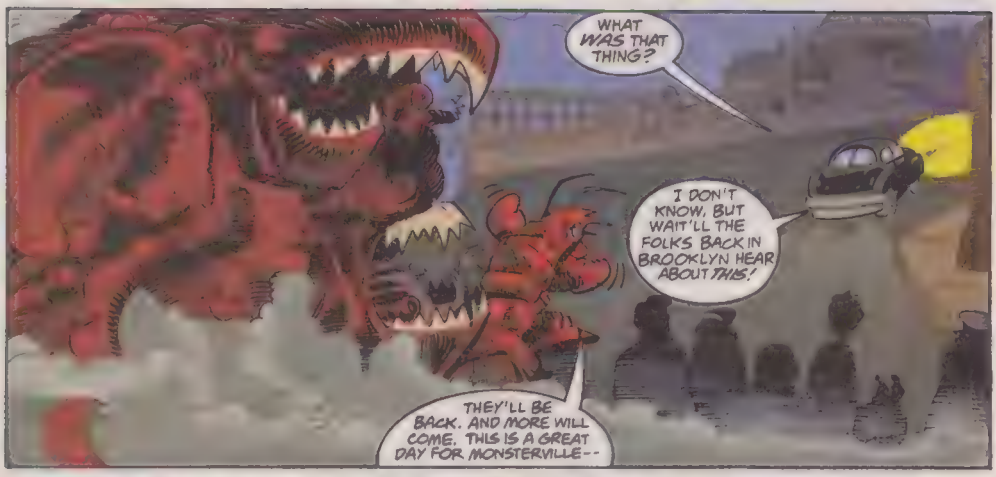
SAY, YOUNG MAN! WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT BEAUTIFUL MAINE SUNSET!
IT'S TOO FOGGY FOR A SUNSET, SIR. WHY ARE YOU COVERING FOR HESTER SCARLETT?
AND WHY IS EVERYONE PRETENDING THEY DIDN'T SEE HER UNMASKED!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT-- YOU MUST BE OVER-TIRED FROM YOUR TRIP!
SPLOOSH!
IN FACT, WE'RE ALL A BIT TIRED FROM FENDING OFF BIG RED AGAIN!
AS TOWN MANAGER, I'M ADVISING THAT EVERY-ONE GO HOME IMMEDIATELY AND GET SOME REST!
AND YOU KIDS ARE INVITED TO STAY FOR FREE IN THE MONSTER-VILLE ARMS HOTEL! HERE!
AND DON'T MISS MAIN STREET--WITH SOME OF THE BEST GIFT SHOPS THIS SIDE OF THE ANDROSCOGGIN RIVER!
MONSTERVILLE
HA HA HA HA
WHAT'S GOING ON!?
HEY-- BIG RED'S PRETTY SCARY, HUH?
MMM... SALT-WATER TAFFY!
MUNCH MUNCH
MUNCH

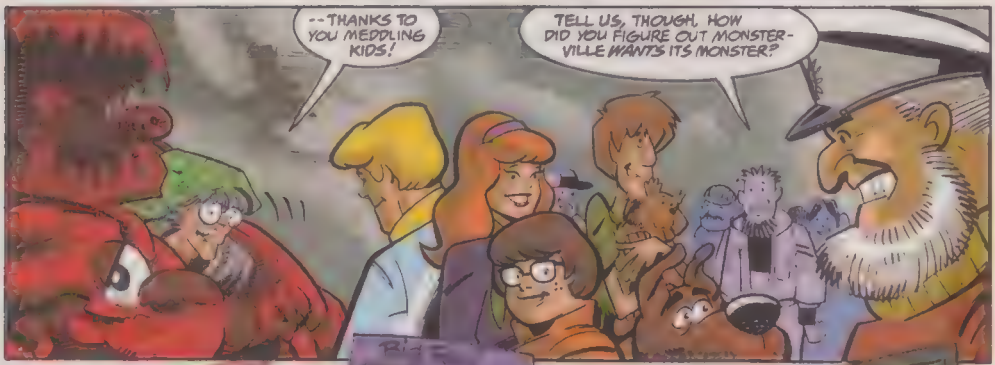
LATER THAT NIGHT, ELSEWHERE...
WHO ARE THEY?
YOU KNOW, I THINK I RECOGNIZE THEM FROM THE NEWSPAPERS. THEY'RE THAT GROUP OF MONSTER-BUSTERS, MYSTERY INC.!
WHAT? WELL, THEY MUST NOT DISCOVER OUR SECRET!
EVERYONE MUST DO THEIR PART TO FRIGHTEN AWAY THESE... THESE INTERFERING KIDS! WE MUST ALL UTILIZE THE MOST HORRIFYING METHODS AT OUR DISPOSAL! NOW, LISTEN....
THE NEXT DAY...
OKAY, GANG, WE'RE FACING OUR STRANGEST MYSTERY EVER!
WHY DOES A TOWN WANT TO KEEP SECRET THE IDENTITY OF A MONSTER THAT'S TERRIFIED IT FOR DECADES?
LET'S SPLIT UP TO SEARCH FOR CLUES.
I'LL FOLLOW A HUNCH AT THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER.
DAPHNE, YOU CHECK OUT MAIN STREET.
FRED, YOU SEARCH AROUND THE DOCKS.
AND SHAG AND SCOOB -- YOU KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS IN THE HOTEL. AND I DON'T JUST MEAN THE KITCHEN!
WE MEET BACK HERE IN TWO HOURS!
HMMM...
Down East Gazette
MAY 15 1955
MACKERELVILLE RENAMED MONSTERVILLE
TOURISTS COME TO SEE BIG RED... ECONOMY BETTER
HSSS! LEAVE TOWN! BOO!
n East
UH... OOPS?

INTERESTING....
MMMRRAAAWW! LEAVE TOWN! GO! LEAVE!
BAG RED SQUID
BOO!
AAAAAAAAH!
NO FISHING
CONTAMINATED WATER!
THAT'S ODD.
GRRR! I AM THE... GHOST. UM, DRAGON! LEAVE TOWN!
KUK
THAT'S GOOD. CAN YOU MAKE A CHICKEN SHADOW, TOO?
LIKE, WE'D BETTER CHECK EVERY INCH OF THESE SAND-WICHES FOR CLUES, SCOOB!
ROKAY!
A GHOST!
RA ROAST!
LEAVE TOWN
YIP?
YAAAAAAAAH!
LEAVE TOWN!
YARF!

WHHHOOOOAAAAAH!
GRAB
WOW! BASED ON THE CLUES ALL OF US FOUND, THIS FLYER PROVIDES THE ONE LEAD WE NEED TO WRAP UP THIS CASE.
NICE GOING, SHAG AND SCOOB!
DON'T MENTION IT...
SON..
IT'S NO GOOD! THESE KIDS HAVE NERVES OF STEEL! NOTHING SCARES THEM!
THEN... ALL HOPE IS LOST
DON'T GIVE UP YET--
--WE WANT TO HELP!
KLIK
TOWN MEETING TONIGHT

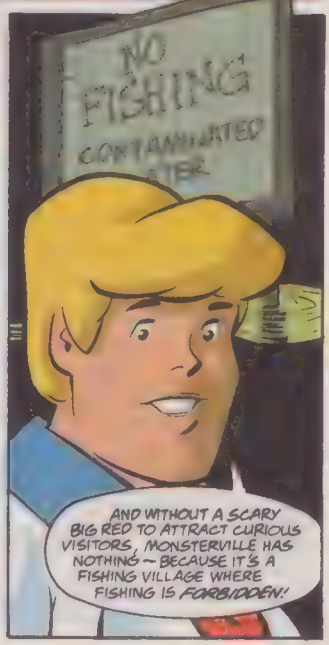
A FEW DAYS LATER...
OH, SEAN, YOU WOULD HAVE TO GET US LOST! WHERE ARE WE, ANYWAY?
THE MAP SAYS... MONSTERVILLE!
HEY! I'VE HEARD THAT SOME KIND OF CREATURE APPEARS HERE EVERY DAY AT HIGH TIDE! THIS COULD BE AS GOOD AS L.L. BEAN!
WELL, I HOPE SO..
OOPS! I TAKE IT BACK!
THAT IS THE WORST MONSTER I HAVE EVER--
SCREAM!!!


WHAT WAS THAT THING?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT WAIT'LL THE FOLKS BACK IN BROOKLYN HEAR ABOUT THIS!
THEY'LL BE BACK. AND MORE WILL COME. THIS IS A GREAT DAY FOR MONSTERVILLE--


--THANKS TO YOU MEDDLING KIDS!
TELL US, THOUGH, HOW DID YOU FIGURE OUT MONSTER-VILLE WANTS ITS MONSTER?

MY RESEARCH AT THE LIBRARY SHOWED ME THAT MONSTER-VILLE HAD HIT HARD ECONOMIC TIMES IN THE 1950s, UNTIL THE ARRIVAL OF BIG RED. THE MONSTER ATTRACTED TOURISTS.

AND TOURISTS MEANT BUSINESS. ALL THE LOCAL BUSI-NESSES USE BIG RED TO DRAW CUSTOMERS. ONE LOOK AT MAIN STREET TOLD ME THAT.


NO FISHING
AND WITHOUT A SCARY BIG RED TO ATTRACT CURIOUS VISITORS, MONSTERVILLE HAS NOTHING -- BECAUSE IT'S A FISHING VILLAGE WHERE FISHING IS FORBIDDEN!

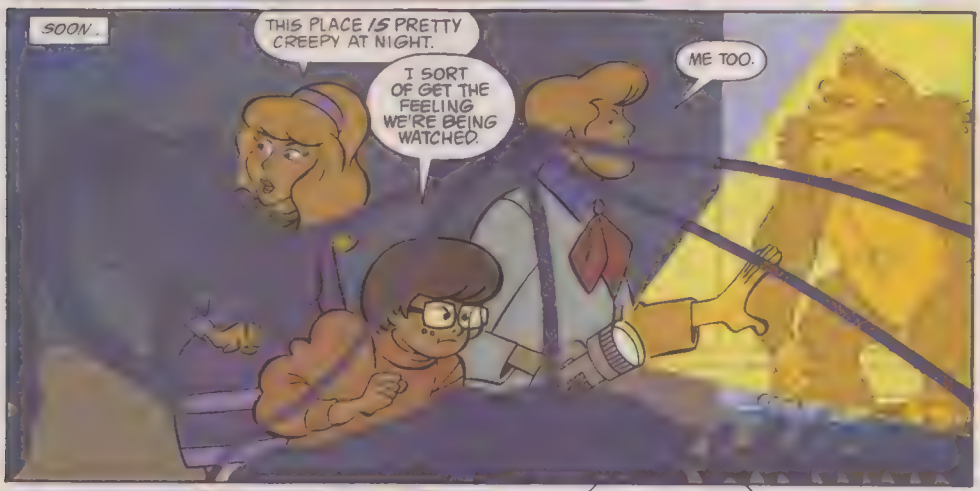
YUP, YOU GOT IT RIGHT. WHEN I CAME TO TOWN IN 1955, FRESH OUT OF ART SCHOOL, THE STATE TOURISM BOARD HIRED ME TO CREATE AN ATTRACTION TO LURE PEOPLE COMING TO MAINE ON THE NEW HIGHWAYS.
RETURN OF THE KILLER CRUSTACEANS
I WAS A BIG FAN OF THE SCI-FI MONSTER MOVIES IN THOSE DAYS-- AND MY CREATION, BIG RED, WAS A SUCCESS. BUT IT TOOK YOU KIDS TO MAKE ME REALIZE THAT IT WAS TIME--
...TO MAKE WAY FOR THE NEW GENERATION.
WAY TO GO, OLD TIMER! WHEN THESE WEIRD OUT-OF-TOWNERS AND THEIR DOG ASKED US IF WE WANTED TO DESIGN THE SON OF BIG RED MONSTER, I THOUGHT "NO WAY." BUT IT'S GREAT!
OUR MONSTER DESIGN IS THE BEST! DID YOU SEE THAT CAR TAKE OFF!
AND THEY'LL SPREAD THE WORD THAT MONSTERVILLE HAS GOT SOMETHING THAT JUST HAS TO BE SEEN!
YOU KNOW, USUALLY WE UNMASK THE MONSTER AND SEND IT TO JAIL. IT WAS KIND OF FUN TO ACTUALLY HELP CREATE A MONSTER FOR ONCE.
OF COURSE IT'S FUN, FRED! WHAT DO YOU THINK KEEPS ME SO YOUNG?
HA HA HA
T-SHIRTS
ROOBY-ROO!
SON OF BIG RED
THE END

SCOOBY-DOO
-IN-
NO BONES ABOUT IT!
TYRANNOSAURUS REX
WRITER MICHAEL KRAIGER
ART/LETTERS TIM HARKINS
COLORIST LEE LOUGHRIDGE
ASSISTANT MIKE BRISBOIS
EDITOR BRONWYN TAGGART
RUH-OH!
DON'T WORRY, SCOOB. LIKE, IT'S ONLY A DUMMY, DUMMY.
WOW! THEY'VE CERTAINLY MADE CHANGES HERE IN THE PALEONTOLOGY DEPARTMENT SINCE THE LAST TIME I VISITED
YES, VELMA, IT'S BEEN A WHILE.

BAILIE!
ACTUALLY, IT'S DOCTOR BAILIE NOW.
GANG, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET DOCTOR BAILIE, MY OLD ADVISOR FROM OUR HIGH SCHOOL PALEONTOLOGY CLUB. THIS IS FREDDIE, DAPHNE, SHAGGY, AND, OF COURSE, SCOOBY-DOO.
VELMA'S LETTERS ABOUT YOUR ADVENTURES ARE THE REASON I'VE ASKED YOU HERE
IT SEEMS WE HAVE A MYSTERY HERE AT THE UNIVERSITY. SOME OF OUR SECURITY GUARDS HAVE REPORTED SEEING A GHOST WANDERING THE MUSEUM AT NIGHT.
-'KE, WHAT'S UP, DOC?
LIKE, I HOPE IT'S NOT THE GHOST OF THE BIG GUY THERE.
RE ROO!
NONE OF OUR GUARDS IS WILLING TO WORK THE NIGHT SHIFT NOW.
I GUESS THIS PLACE CAN GET PRETTY CREEPY AT NIGHT.

IS ANYTHING MISSING FROM YOUR COLLECTIONS?
OR HAVE THERE BEEN OTHER UNUSUAL OCCURRENCES?
NO. NOTHING'S MISSING.
WELL, MOST HAUNTINGS WE INVESTIGATE ARE ELABORATE HOAXES, USED TO COVER UP SOME SORT OF CRIME.
THE ONLY WAY WE'LL BE ABLE TO CATCH THE GHOST IS TO SPEND THE NIGHT HERE.
WITHOUT THE NIGHT SECURITY GUARDS, THE PLACE WILL BE EMPTY EXCEPT FOR YOU.
US AND THE GHOST YOU MEAN.
US AND THE GHOST? NO WAY!
REAH!

LATER, AFTER CLOSING TIME
OUR BEST CHANCE OF SEEING THE GHOST IS TO FOLLOW THE ROUTINE OF THE REGULAR GUARDS. SHAGGY, YOU AND SCOOBY COVER THIS FLOOR. VELMA, DAPHNE, AND I WILL CHECK UPSTAIRS.
LET US KNOW IF YOU SEE ANYTHING STRANGE.
THE THINGS WE DO FOR SCOOBY SNACKS!
SEE ANYTHING STRANGE? HE'S GOT TO BE KIDDING!
REAH.


SOON...
THIS PLACE IS PRETTY CREEPY AT NIGHT.
I SORT OF GET THE FEELING WE'RE BEING WATCHED.
ME TOO.

MEANWHILE...
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT GUY. C'MON, SCOOB.
RIKES!

Y'KNOW, I'M NOT ALL THAT ANXIOUS TO SEE A GHOST. LIKE, WHAT SAY YOU AND I LOOK FOR THE CAFETERIA?
ROOD IDEA.

THE BASEMENT? WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT. THE CAFETERIA'S IN THE BASEMENT AND LIKE, IT'S ALWAYS CREEPIEST IN THE BASEMENT.
"OKAY, SCOOB. I'LL GO THIS WAY AND YOU GO THAT WAY. HOLLER IF YOU FIND FOOD."
WOOOOOAH!!
BOOFH!
SCOOBY MUST HAVE FOUND SOMETHING TO EAT, TOO.
...OOOAH!
RERE'S A ROAST! RERE'S A ROAST!
WHOOOA! I GUESS YOU DON'T MEAN COOKED MEAT!
LIKE, IF THE GHOST IS OVER THERE, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

WE GOTTA FIND THE OTHERS, SCOOB!
I HOPE THE GHOST HASN'T ALREADY GOTTEN THEM!
:PSSST!:
PUMA
LIKE, I THINK THIS WHOLE PLACE IS HAUNTED!
:PSSST!:
REAH, RAUNTED!
PSST, SHAGGY! IT'S ME!
RAAAAAH!!
VELMA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU NEARLY SCARED US TO DEATH!
FREDDIE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD WAY TO CATCH THE GHOST.
HEY, WE'VE GOT TO FIND FRED AND DAPHNE! SCOOBY RAN INTO THE GHOST DOWNSTAIRS!
REAH, REAL ROAST!

DAPHNE!
FRED! LIKE, WHERE ARE YOU?
HERE WE ARE.
WHAT'S UP?
YAAAAH!
FREDDIE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO--
WE KNOW, WE KNOW.
LISTEN, SCOOBY RAN INTO THE GHOST IN THE BASEMENT.
RAT'S RIGHT!
OKAY, GANG, LET'S GO CHECK IT OUT.
SOON, BACK IN THE BASEMENT...
LIKE, MY SPOILED MIDNIGHT SNACK. SIGH!
LOOK! WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S A FOOTPRINT!
SINCE WHEN DO GHOSTS LEAVE FOOTPRINTS?

THEY LEAD THROUGH THAT DOOR.
IT'S SOME KIND OF BONE WORKSHOP.
RONE?
YEEEAH! I GIVE UP, I GIVE UP, I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!
WHAT?!!!
I'D HEARD RUMORS THE MUSEUM WAS HAUNTED BY A GHOST, BUT TONIGHT I ACTUALLY BUMPED INTO IT!
I'LL CONFESS, JUST GET ME OUT OF HERE!
LATER...
HIS NAME IS BYRON STOUT, A TEACHING ASSISTANT IN OUR DEPARTMENT. HE CONFESSED TO STEALING IMPORTANT FOSSILS AND REPLACING THEM WITH CAST PLASTER REPLICAS.
SO BY GETTING HIMSELF COATED WITH PLASTER DUST IN THE CASTING PROCESS, IT GAVE HIM A GHOSTLY APPEARANCE.
ENOUGH TO SCARE THE GUARDS, ANYWAY.
AND ENOUGH TO SCARE HIMSELF, TOO. WHEN HE HEARD THE REPORTS OF A GHOST IN THE MUSEUM AT NIGHT, HE DIDN'T REALIZE IT WAS HIMSELF THE GUARDS WERE SEEING.
AND WHEN HE BUMPED INTO SCOOBY, HE JUST ASSUMED IT WAS THE GHOST HE HAD NEVER SEEN. NO BONES ABOUT IT SCOOB, YOU SOLVED THIS MYSTERY!
ROOBY-ROOBY-ROO!
END

TOURIST ATTRACTIONS

Hey, let's all go to Monsterville!

Have you ever visited a national park, an historic home, or a famous monument? Then you've been to a **tourist attraction**. Although "tourist" (meaning someone who takes a special trip for pleasure or for visiting educational places) is a word that was invented around 1780, the whole idea of tourist *attractions* didn't really exist until the early 1900s. The reason why is the **automobile**.

Before there were cars, taking a trip was a big deal. It took a *lot* of time and a *lot* of money to go places by horse-drawn carriages and sailing ships. Most people just never went "touring." But that changed in the early 1900s, when cars became cheaper and easier to get. Suddenly people were able to go somewhere pretty far away and come back in a fairly short period of time. They could go whenever they felt like it. *And* driving was **fun**. It was fun to travel and to see new things.

In the United States there was plenty to see. Every state has its own historic sites and natural and manmade wonders. In the western states, where there were fewer cities, people weren't able to drive the long distances between towns in just one day. **Tourist cabins**—special places for driving tourists to stay—were built along the roads. By 1925, these places were called **motels**, a combination of the words "motor" and "hotel." The motels made it easier for people to travel long distances by car.

As people drove from town to town and state to state to see cultural and educational attractions, many places were left out of the tourist boom. Some small towns just didn't have anything interesting for tourists to stop and see. By 1939 there was a new term in the language: **tourist trap**, meaning a place that attracts and exploits (rips off) tourists. Sometimes a person who owned a gas station or a restaurant would add special features to try to get tourists to stop and come in; sometimes a whole town would try to make itself sound special in some way so tourists would visit there. **The people in Monsterville in this issue of Scooby-Doo were promoting their town as the home of Big Red to attract tourists.**

Many of the ideas for tourist traps were kind of crazy—and that's what made them fun. A gas station might feature big concrete dinosaurs, or a roadside restaurant might be in an odd-shaped building that looked like a giant duck. Big billboards lined the highways for miles, advertising these "attractions." **Sometimes there weren't any attractions, there were just billboards.** You could drive hundreds of miles, seeing sign after sign telling you that you were getting closer and closer to some "famous" filling station, and by the time you actually got there you just *had* to stop and go inside.

Nowadays every state has its own tourism office to give visitors information about its official attractions. If you want to visit the Cherokee Heritage Center, the National Baseball Hall of Fame, Carlsbad Caverns, or Monticello, you can find out everything you want to know from their states' tourist offices. (Do you know which states to ask?)

Many of the wacky, old-fashioned "roadside attractions" have gone out of business. The ones that are still around usually aren't listed in official state brochures. But there are sites on the Internet where you can get information about these places from the fans who seek them out. And it's a funny thing—**now that the "tourist traps" from the 1930s and '40s are almost gone, they've become historical sites in their own weird way!**

WHAT'S UP?

BY BRONWYN T.

This month's cover was pencilled by Ernie Colon, inked by Andre Pepoy, and colored by Lee Loughridge.

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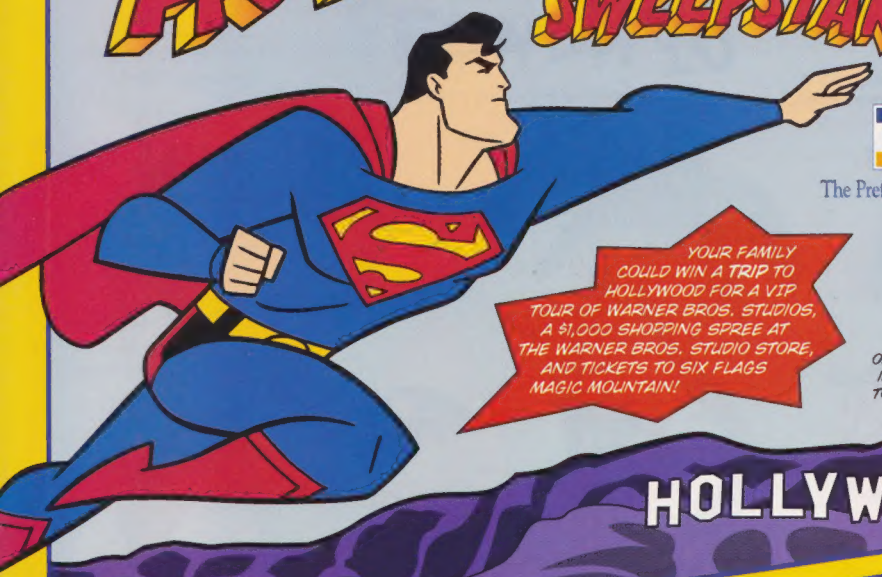
Best Western

SUMMER ADVENTURES SWEEPSTAKES

FROM VISA

The Preferred Lodging Card



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NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. ENTRANTS 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER, SEE PARTICIPATING BEST WESTERN HOTELS IN U.S. AND CANADA ON HOW TO ENTER, OR, FOR SWEEPSTAKES RULES U.S. RESIDENTS MAY SEND A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE TO BEST WESTERN SWEEPSTAKES RULES, P.O. BOX 709, SAYERVILLE, N.J. 08877-0709. RESIDENTS OF HI AND VT NEED NOT INCLUDE RETURN POSTAGE. RESIDENTS OF ON AND AK MAY ENTER BY HAND PRINTING NAME AND ADDRESS ON A 3"X5" PIECE OF PAPER AND MAIL TO: "BEST WESTERN SWEEPSTAKES," P.O. BOX 709A, SAYERVILLE, N.J. 08877-0709. FOR SWEEPSTAKES RULES CANADIAN RESIDENTS MAY SEND A STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE TO: BEST WESTERN RULES, DEPT. 3000B, 280 LABROSSE, POINTE CLAIRE, QUEBEC H9R 5L8. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED. HURRY! SWEEPSTAKES ENDS SEPTEMBER 5, 1998.

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ACROSS THE STREET FROM ORDINARY